The Icelandic Canadian

Vol. 3

Winnipeg, Man., June 1945

No. 4

Franklin Delano Roosevelt

On April 12, 1945 Franklin Delano Roosevelt died.

For many days, in radio addresses, newspaper editorials, church services and in countless other ways the qualities of mind and soul of this great humanist and the record of achievement of the statesman and the visionary passed as an almost endless panorama before all peoples throughout the whole free world. Now, though only a few weeks have passed, we begin to look back and in retrospect endeavor to limit our view to what was the most wondrous, the most beautiful spectacle in that panorama.

We recall the healthy robust young man stricken with disease, his suffering, the bravery with which he endured pain, his final victory over the ills of the body.

We see the aristocrat who never lost the common touch—the truly great man who made the humble as well as those of lofty places feel that he was one of them, their friend even though they had never met or even seen him.

We see him as the good neighbor—a quality born and nurtured with him in Hyde Park. At first it reached to the boys in the neighborhood, then to the farmers—the other farmers—in the district, who were the first to vote for him. Then it expanded in the "Good Neighbor" policy to the whole of the western hemisphere. Finally, as he left the scene, it was encompassing the whole world.

And then, perhaps with less intensity of feeling but filled with wonder, we view the tangible achievements. The financial collapse of the early thirties which brought him to power; the steps he took to bring his country out of the depression; the war since Pearl Harbor; the marshalling of human and material assets on a scale unprecedented in the history of mankind—a mighty effort by a mighty nation led by a mighty man.

All this is in the panorama but we pass it by. Something else is there of a richer and more permanent hue. It is something the historian of a thousand years from now will point to as one of the greatest achievements of any man in the world cataclysms of the twentieth century.

Roosevelt's great contribution to his nation and indeed to the world was the way in which he led his people from a narrow-minded self-centred nationalism to a position of active cooperation with the forces of democracy in their opposition to tyranny and dictatorship anywhere in the world. He

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was a Moses who led his people out of the wilderness of isolationism. He had visions which he put into action; his was an inspiration rather than a cold reasoned judgment. The task was not easy. To lead a nation of one hundred and thirty million freedom loving people required qualities of mind given to very few mortals.

The successive steps pass before us—at times in radio addresses in language so appealing yet forceful that all listened; at times in the sudden announcement of policy and action so cleverly framed that not even his worst enemies could assail them. We recall the "quarantine of Japan," "the hand that held the dagger," the four freedoms, Ogdensburg, the Atlantic Charter. And then the skilful ways in which assistance was given to the Allies—as for instance the fifty destroyers given to Britain in exchange for naval bases—all finally climaxed by the Lease-Lend policy which provided almost unlimited aid to the Allies and left his opponents defeated and totally disarmed.

Some say the few truly great in this world are great because they can see crystal clear what has to be done. There is another way of interpreting the wisdom of the sage, the vision of the prophet. Is it a mere mental process of one specially endowed or is it a power given to him from beyond. Many centuries ago Plutarch quoted Heraclitus as saying: "Man's genius is a diety." Those words acquire a fresh significance when we think of Roosevelt—his vision, his achievements.

As we do so it is not difficult for us to understand that he is not gone—just on the other side. Bruce Hutchinson has said so beautifully:

"And somewhere, unless the universe is without plan, a monstrous mockery which creates its finest products only to destroy them—somewhere, we may be sure, the spirit which overcame the flesh in this life is joyously at work again."

Yes, joyously at work. And again we find it not difficult to go one step further and feel that in his work he is reaching humans here on earth, influencing them, perhaps directing them.

When, in the hour of discouragement, as our courage wanes and we are uplifted by those immortal words of Lincoln: "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining befor us" and when we so vividly recall the exhortation of Roosevelt to his people that if they do not rise against the tyrants "the storm will rage until every flower of culture is trampled and all human beings levelled in a vast chaos," are we reminding ourselves of mere words on a printed page or are the spirits of these great souls reaching to us. We prefer to think the latter. If so, then every lover of humanity, throughout the ages, as he seeks inspiration in the service he is rendering to humanity, will not only seek strength from God above, but will recall Franklin Delano Roosevelt and say:

"When you knock at the door I hasten to open it."

W. J. LINDAL

V. E. Day

Tuesday, May 8, was V. E. Day—victory over Europe. On that day and the day before, when the unconditional surrender of Germany flashed across the radio waves all over the world, there was rejoicing and exultation. There were sighs of relief. On those two days, but more especially on the following Sunday, there were prayers and solemn thanksgiving.

Now that the tumult and the shouting is over and the prayers have been said and the thanksgiving expressed we ask ourselves: what did V. E, day mean? Was it really a day of victory, only a day of victory, or was it something else?

After we had heard Mr. Churchill we finally realized how close we came to defeat, not once but twice, during the war. We knew how narrow the margin was in 1940-41, when the people of Britain, with the aid of the overseas dominions, stood alone in the island fortress and kept the foe at bay. Now we know that if the V-1 and V-2 rockets and flying bombs had been ready a few months earlier (the Air Force caused the delay) and if the new U-boat fleet and the multiple long range artillery had got into action, not only would London and other British cities have been destroyed but there would have been no D day, and without it we could not have had a V. E. day.

It is well that we pause and reflect upon what would have happened if Germany had won.

Hitler always maintained that Denmark and Norway were the ideal countries to be taken under the protection of the Nazis. After all, he said, these nations were of the same blood. They were Nordics. They had to be treated kindly, given a place next to the Superior Race, the Germans. Only now, after we have heard the stories as told by Haakon Lie of Norway and Capt. Peter Freuchen of Denmark, and as other authentic evidence is reaching us, do we realize the fate of the most favored nations under the Nazi heel. A similar fate awaited Britain and would have awaited us had there been defeat instead of victory in Europe.

In the past, news filtered through about tortures and designed starvation in the countries a grade lower in the Nazi scheme—Belgium and Holland. But even in our blackest moments we could not picture what actually took place at Amersort and other concentration camps in Holland.

We think of the countries and the races at the bottom of the list, the Poles, the Czecho-Slovaks and the Jews—four millions killed at Oswiecim; gas chambers; rows of furnaces; men, women and even children buried alive.

We read of planned and studied tortures at Buchenwald. We hear of

German scientists, men at the very top in training and experience, using human beings as guinea pigs in their experiments.

This is what awaited humanity.

As we look back and realize what we were saved from, V. E. day becomes a Day of Deliverance rather than a day of victory. For that we have given thanks and offered prayers.

But in a way it was only a day of deliverance. Dr. E. M. Howse of Westminster Church in Winnipeg, in one of his inspiring sermons on the Sunday of prayer and thanksgiving, very realistically said: "Hitler is defeated but not Hitlerism; the thinking which produced Hitler and the powerful German army has not been destroyed; the way of thinking in Germany and Japan has to change." I would go a step further back and say that the teaching which created that thinking in the youth of Germany and Japan must be uprooted.

It is reported that Hitler's last order to the German people was that on the tomb of Germany's unknown soldier the following words were to be inscribed:

"And yet you were victorious."

That type of thinking must be destroyed. Only then can there be unrestrained rejoicing.

Another day of victory—and of deliverance—has yet to come: V. J. day, victory over Japan. To us of North America, which borders on the Pacific, which in the world of today is but a narrow stream of water, the defeat of Japan will be a real deliverance.

But the war of ideas has to go on. We see now, even more clearly than at the beginning of the war, that in the final analysis there are only two ways of life: Tyranny and the varying degrees of totalitarianism leading up to it on the one hand and on the other, Freedom, based upon the principles of true democracy and the teachings of the Bible in their widest sense.

Some day we will have a V. I. day—victory over ideas. Then complete victory will have been won.

Then it will no longer be a day of thanksgiving for deliverance but a day of exultation over the permanent peace that awaits mankind.

—W. J. L.

READERS are invited to send in news of people of Icelandic extraction, especially our soldiers overseas. Original articles and poems as well as translations from the Icelandic would be appreciated. Letters to the Editors may be published. You are invited to let us know what you think of our publication.

THE EDITORS

The Twelve-year Republic

By S. J. SOMMERVILLE

The deeds of courage, ingenuity and resourcefulness of the pioneers from many lands who built the earliest homes on this continent have been told, and re-told, in song and story, and deservedly so. They have been made the subject of stirring tales on stage and screen and have become part of a proud tradition shared in by the millions who followed them.

Nevertheless one such story—and that a story without parallel in the annals of the pioneers has not been so told, but has remained buried beneath the dust of nearly seventy years—hidden between the yellowed pages of an old newspaper printed in a foreign tongue.

It is the story of how a group of Icelandic immigrants, the first to settle in the Canadian West met a certain situation—of how, without check or interference, they turned their community into a sovereign state with a written constitution so broad in coverage that it provided for almost every phase of democratic government.

These people had established a colony on the shores of Lake Winnipeg in the fall of 1875 on a strip of land granted them by the Dominion Government for their own exclusive use, together with the right to retain their own language and customs for as long as they wished. This settlement they named "New Iceland," and their first town "Gimli".

Their territory lay to the north of the young Province of Manitoba and they found themselves beyond the reach of any form of constituted authority. These pioneers were quite prepared to do without most of the comforts of life while making a start in their new environment, but one thing they would not be denied and that was an ordered and properly constituted government

under which to administer their community.

The colonists were not conscious of violating or undermining in any way the sovereignty of the country, but only of their own need to organize themselves so that they might the better act together for the common weal Fresh from the struggle raging in Iceland for the restoration of political freedom, they knew exactly what they wanted.

Thus, before the clay with which they caulked the first log cabins was dry, they had acted by choosing an interim committee of five to deal with community problems. This committee was to function until they could take time from their building, digging and seeding and other pressing duties, to do things constitutionally.

The next step planned was the publication of a newspaper so that all might know and share in what was being done—this was the Icelandic conception of democratic practice. In that way only, could discussion be free and support of that which was eventually adopted, be wholehearted.

Shares at ten dollars apiece financed the newspaper. However, its appearance was delayed until September 10, 1877 by a disastrous epidemic of small pox. The paper was called "Framfari" (Progress) and was the official organ for all municipal business for the three years it was published. It may be seen at the Manitoba Government Provincial library where it is on file.

With their newspaper established the colonists turned their minds to the framing of a constitution. To carry any authority it should have the sanction of all concerned.

Two public meetings were held on the same day, one at Riverton, the other at Gimli, the two centres of the settlement. Each meeting chose a committee of five men to draw up a set of by-laws, the committees to act independently. When both had their drafts ready they were to meet together and consolidate these into one set of regulations to form a constitution.

The constitution, which came into effect when it appeared in the "Framfari", January 14, 1878, made the colony virtually a republic. It regulated elections; defined the duties of voters as well as of officials; provided for taxation and public works; for relief to the needy, guardianship of minors, appraisal and disposal of estates; arbitration of disputes with a court of appeal; the keeping of detailed records over all matters including vital statistics, economic progress, and handling of estates and wardships.

Matters of general policy which affected the whole had to be referred back to the electors, while individual districts had full autonomy in affairs which affected only themselves.

The constitution consists of 18 articles, many of which have several subsections. The first Article divided the colony into four primary electoral districts which were called "Bygðir", each of which was to elect annually an executive committee of five to have charge of local affairs, and together with similar committees from the other districts to form a Governing Council for the whole colony. The set-up thus seems to have been four municipalities united under a grand-council made up of all their joint executive officers.

The Governing Council elected a chairman and vice-chairman from among their own number. Elections were for one year only, the districts going to the polls on Jan. 7 each year and the Council meeting within one week therefrom.

All men over 18 years of age who were farmers, property owners, or regularly employed and who had nothing against their character, were on the voters lists. All who were over 21,

except ministers and school teachers, were eligible for office.

Article five, under seven subheadings, defines the duties of electors. They must attend a rate-payers meeting between March 15 and April 15, each year at the call of their District chairman to discuss matters of interest and concern to their own community; each elector over 21, had to contribute two days work a year to roadmaking, or else pay two dollars; each head of household had to give notice of births and deaths within a week, and bridegrooms had to report marriages; each householder had to fill in a special form itemizing holdings and economic progress each year; householders also had to provide relief to the needy, and to pay a tax of 25 cents a year to the District chairman.

The **District** Committees had charge of road making and upkeep in their own area; appointed trustees of estates and guardians, and saw to it that they made a strict accounting; provided widows with capable advisors and such other aid as needed; safeguarded public health, and were authorized to take any measures considered necessary, to stop the spreading of disease. And finally it was their duty to stimulate civic consciousness, sociability, co-operation, and ambition in their electorate. Besides all this, they were members of the Council for the whole.

The District Secretaries must have been especially hard-worked. They had to keep a set of five books—Book one for minutes; Book two for census figures and economic returns; Book three for road work and attendant accounts; Book four for vital statistics, and Book five for all records pertaining to valuation of estates, and sale of same together with trusteeships and guardianships. All municipal records were to be displayed for inspection at annual meetings.

A fee was set for valuating estates, and if the heirs were outside the colony, these had to be wound up within a year.

Two important officials elected each

year were the Arbitrator and Peace-maker. When their mediation failed to settle a dispute, a judiciary committee of five citizens was set up, two named by each side together with a chairman—if they could agree on one—if not, the Reeve or Vice-Reeve presided. Their findings were final.

Article eleven, deals with the constitution of the general Council whose executive was composed of the Reeve or chairman and the four District chairmen. If no candidate for Reeve got a majority in the elections, then there wasn't a new Reeve—the old one carried on for another year!

The Council discussed and dealt with all welfare matters affecting the whole—such as getting the area of the colony extended; admitting to it persons of other nationalities and promoting new enterprises.

The final Article provides for amendments to the constitution. Amendments had first to be approved by the General Council; then a referendum on them was taken in all the districts—with all of them voting on the same day.

While the constitution nowhere defines what shall be considered a **forum**, it stipulates in a number of instances that findings shall only be valid if more than half of those entitled to vote were present. This ruling affected all elections and changes in the constitution.

Sigtryggur Jonasson was elected first reeve of the Colony. It carried on under this home-made system of government for twelve years, managing all its own affairs, administrative, social and economic.

Examination of the 18 articles of government shows two notable omissions in the ground they cover—the first, no provision for punishment—either for failure to comply with the regulations or for the breaking of the natural laws

of man—with the exception of the negative one of withholding the right to vote. The colonists appear to have counted on their unity of interests, their dependence on one another, and the ten commandments, rather than on force.

The second omission was in making no provision for education. But schools were already in operation at the time the laws were framed and obviously the Districts were expected to do as they had been doing—establish their own schools and distribute the cost among those who used them.

As to why the Icelandic pioneers continued to administer their colony under this constitution until 1887 when, actually as early as 1881, the extension of Manitoba northward had taken in their territory, the answer probably lies in the fact that the Manitoba Municipalities Act of 1881 recognized already existing municipal governments in the new area as legal authorities. In fact it wasn't until a year after the amendment of the Municipalities Act in 1886 that the colony brought itself into line with practise elsewhere in the Province by coming in as a fullfledged municipality. District executive committees were thereafter replaced by single councillors, the schools came under the regulations of the Manitoba Education Act and Canadian law replaced the by-laws of the "New Iceland" republic.

In conclusion, let it again be emphasized that the need for law and order by a people steeped in democratic tradition was the motive—and the only motive behind this establishment at Gimli of an independent state by the first Icelandic settlers in the Canadian West.

As a measure evolved "by the people for the people", it stands alone and without parallel in the record of pioneer deeds.

He Will Be Near Them

In the hour of jubilation on V. E. day there was one who did not join in. She knew the sons of other mothers would be coming back but not hers. In the past she had somehow been able to bear the strain. Those who had not lost were so anxious for their sons—found the burden almost as heavy. But now their sons were coming home. Instead of rejoicing she sat and thought deeply. "When the other mothers' sons come home what can I do to make me feel that he is near—among them, running up the front steps to embrace me."

Another listened to the addresses on V. E. day—the wonderful tributes paid to those who had fought and died so bravely. But that did not bring back her husband. She knew that what was being said was true. But she also knew that when other husbands came home Jack would not be there. She pressed the babe closer to her breast—the babe he had never seen. But though a comfort that was not enough. "What can I do to bring him home to me, to feel that he is near when the troop train comes in and the other wives rush down to the station."

The family attended the church services. They joined in the prayers—fervent prayers of thankfulness and gratitude, prayers for the brave lads who had given their all. Among them was Bill, the son, the brother. They all knew that when the other boys joined their families the chair at the diningroom table, which had been empty since he left, would not be filled. What could they do to feel that he was near— sitting there, with them—another of many family reunions.

They all, who have lost so much, ask themselves, pray to God to tell them what they can do so that they can feel that their loved ones are near when the others come home—near them because they are of them, laughing, crying working with them.

One of the answers to this question is to be found in a story told by Judy whose brother is not coming back. She told it in a Sunday School class where a discussion was taking place on the question of prayer. The whole story appeared in "The United Churchman" of Sackville, New Brunswick and is part of what the editor entitled "Judy's Sermon."

The fateful telegram has just been opened. Judy tells the rest of the story

"After a little bit Daddy said awful quiet, "There used to be four of us, but there are only three now. That means that the three of us have got to do the work of the four of us from now on."

"I don't know how long it was, but after a while we all went back to the dining room and sat down at the table. Daddy bowed his head like he always does and prayed, but this time his prayer was different.

"'O God our Father,' he said, and I could tell he was pretty hard hit, 'we've prayed for him a good many times, and we've prayed that if we got a telegram like this that we would have what we needed, and now, dear Lord, we need it. We're depending on thee. Show us the way an we'll do it. Amen'

"Then we started to eat. None of us said much, of course, for all of us knew what the others were thinking.

"Right in the middle of the meal Daddy shoved his chair back and started for the telephone. I heard him ring up somebody and pretty soon he was talking. 'Henry,' he said, 'I've called you up to tell you I'll take over that club that Leland had at the "Y". You know the one I mean. We just got word tonight that our boy has been taken, and I'm going to try to take his place. I won't be as good as he was, but I'll do my best, and you can count on me'.

"And all the time I was thinking what

I could do, and I couldn't think of a thing, for a girl can't do the things that a fellow like Leland can do.

"Sometime in the night though I thought of something, and next morning I told Daddy. You see, Leland played the trumpet and he was really good. He wanted me to play it too, but Mother didn't think that was an instrument for a girl. But when I thought of all that Leland had done with his trumpet in the Sunday School orchestra, I made up my mind I was going to play his trumpet for him. Mother said it was all right when I told her, and I've already taken some lessons and I can play the scale. I'll bet Leland would be proud of me if he could hear me. I like to think he knows that I am trying hard.

"And then something funny happened right after breakfast. I was going past my door and I saw the bed wasn't made up and the room wasn't in order. Right then I said to myself, "There's something I can do. I can make up my room every morning and that will give Mother time for her Red Cross work.' And I've done it every morning since then. Leland knows how I hate to do that sort of thing, and I know he would like to have me do it so Mother can do more for other soldiers.

"It's wonderful all the things we have

found to do for Leland. You'd be surprised how much of his work we are doing.

"Just the other night when Daddy bowed his head to pray before dinner he said, 'O God, we thank Thee for giving us a chance to do our boy's work. It has helped us to do our own. All the time we have been doing it we have felt that it was thy strength we were using. We were sure we would be given what we needed when the time came, and now the worst has come, and we're standing up all right'.

"No, I don't agree with the other girls. I don't believe we ought to pray that God will take care of our brothers, and then say we will not believe in Him if they get hurt. I think it's all right to pray that they will be protected and brought home safely, but at our house we prayed that way and Leland didn't come home. But we also prayed that we might have what we had to have to take it, and we have had that. I know I couldn't have taken it if I hadn't believed that way. Daddy taught me how. That's why I believe in God. He gives us what we need when we don't have it in ourselves."

When the boys come home Judy will feel that her brother is near her and her father and mother.

—W. J. L.

The Icelandic Canadian

Published Quarterly by the Icelandic Canadian Club of Winnipeg, Man.

Subscription Rates for North America: One year \$1.00 — Two years \$1.75 — Three years \$2.25 — Payable in advance.

BACK NUMBERS AVAILABLE.

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Our Capital City — Ottawa

By VERA JOHANNSSON

What shall I say about Ottawa? In peacetime it is a small-town city, leisurely-almost somnolent, free from noises incidental to a busy manufacturing centre, unruffled by news such as a proposed visit by a celebrity-which would cause no end of excitement and preparation in a provincial capital. For Ottawa is the home of celebrities-people who are in the news almost daily. The citizens regard all these with a calm dignity quite astonishing to the newcomer. Before the war there were few flurries in Ottawa; perhaps the opening of Parliament, a conference of more than usual importance, or the illness of a Governor-General.

With the onset of war people streamed into the capital from all parts of the Dominion—military men, dollar a year men, advisers and experts and not to be forgotten—girls by the hundreds, stenographers and clerks, until Ottawa became a veritable Girls' Town. Now Ottawa is moving at a tempo never experienced before—even the street cars roll along a little faster and with fewer stops.

The incoming rush of war workers, most of whom received a telegram as authorization to come and work for the government "as soon as possible" has created more than a mild disturbance among the Ottawans, and as a matter of fact, the newcomers have quite taken over the city. Boardinghouses are at a premium. If one is a dollar a year man, you just stay at the Chateau Laurier; its as simple as that. But struggling stenographers have the hardest time as no one wants girls. It seems that the young ladies take the magazine advertisements of various cosmetics and soaps so seriously that they are continually bathing or washing clothes, and this puts the landlord's electric bill up and landlords here, as

elsewhere, are not overly fond of high electric bills.

Rooms and apartments are scarce, but if finally found they are generally comfortable. Lighthousekeeping, boarding and eating in restaurants is the order of the day and many a Civil Service Susie makes extra money by serving in the crowded restaurants after office hours.

There are some landladies who take in roomers for patriotic reasons and then there are others such as the landlady whose husband was seriously ill and was rushed to the hospital. The doctors explained the situation as kindly as they could to her, that she would have to learn to live without him, and she, nothing daunted immediately rented their bedroom. A month passed by and the physicians reported that much to their surprise the patient had recovered sufficiently to return home. She was most perturbed-what should she do about the roomer? If her husband came back. she would lose the room rent! She solved the problem for the time being by leaving him rest in a hospital bed. but finally the staff of the hospital was screaming at him so loudly to leave that the poor man had to insist that his wife let him into his home. So she took him back; what a sacrifice!

Most of the buildings are old and made of brick. Years ago, Ottawa experienced a very destructive fire and as a result a city by-law was passed that buildings should, in the future, be constructed of brick. Many of these buildings do not have fire escapes, but rather a surprising display of leather and stout rope, and in case of fire one person at a time slips the leather belt around his waist and throws himself out the window, at the same time, kicking violently with his feet to keep himself away from the building. When the ground is reached the belt is slipped off, and immediately

returns for the next person. In government offices the order of egress would probably be by seniority in the Civil Service, for so much depends on that down here, so that the latest addition to the staff stands a good chance of a warming, if not a scorching, in case of fire! Pity the poor Juniors!

During the war years temporary war buildings have sprung up like great mushrooms all over the city. They are huge white structures with hundreds of rooms and are quite comfortable to work in, although in the summer they have a tendency to heat up like a turkish bath. These buildings have guards and each employee must flash a passcard showing a picture of himself, (which picture, let it be said, seldom flatters the owner) to gain admittance to the offices. Any outsider desiring admittance has practically to prove that he is not an enemy alien or a spy bent on stealing state secrets.

Ottawa is divided into two parts by the Rideau Canal; formerly the east side or Lower Town was populated mainly by the French and the west side or Upper Town by the English. The streets themselves are very narrow. There are beautiful boulevards downtown and the street cleaning department does an excellent job. During the winter when the snow is heaviest, the streets are under constant attack by these men who are armed with pick, axe and shovel; they chop away regardless of ice or toes! This has brought about an inquiry from many pedestrians whether they could be insured under a "loss of toe" policy, at a small rate, because they would feel safer walking down the main thoroughfares. In the mornings too, one often runs a hurdle race trying to make a way down to the office and escape the coal trucks parked on the sidewalks pouring their loads into the coal chutes right on the streets.

The Parliament Buildings, which are situated in the heart of the city, overlooking the river, are Ottawa's focal point. In the centre of the buildings is the huge Peace Tower with a large

carillon often pealing out a mighty stream of song which can be heard in the downtown section. The clock in the centre of the tower strikes out the time at quarter hour intervals and harrased citizens can judge how late they are either by sight or ear.

In the Peace Tower is the beautiful Memorial Chamber. This room is constructed of materials given to Canada by the Allied Nations, and on the marble walls, inscribed in gold, is Canada's story of the years 1914-1918. In the centre of the room is the Altar of Remembrance and in the Tomb rests the Book of Remembrance, within which the names and ranks of all the dead—66,651 names have been inscribed. At eleven o'clock each day, (the hour of Armistice) the pages are turned so that through the recurring year each name is visible once in twelve months.

When the Parliament Buildings were planned it was the intention that each member should have an office. Congestion of those buildings by various departments moving in because of the shortage of office space in other government buildings has made it necessary for the members to share offices. Usually there are two or three members in each office and they are of the same party and preferably from the same province. The prime minister and cabinet ministers have their offices in the East and West Blocks and during a session they have offices in use continually in the Parliament Buildings too. There is a large restaurant upstairs in which members may take their meals for a reasonable sum and thus ensure themselves of being on time for the next sitting of the House! The prime minister, plump, dapper, rosy cheeked Mr. MacKenzie King has on occasion been seen walking down the street carrying a box of chocolates just like any other citizen who enjoys a bit of sweetness in a sour day.

The Archives, which house Canada's treasures, is one of the most interesting spots to visit. The dress which Queen Elizabeth wore when she waved to the cheering throng from a balcony of the

Chateau Laurier to capture the hearts of French and English alike, is on display; the silver tea service which belonged to the late Sir John A. MacDonald and which is large enough even for an Icelandic coffee party; Canada's first newspaper, the key to old Fort Garry; all these and more are reminders of Canada's past history. Students of history visit the Archives in search of original manuscripts and papers bearing upon some phase of historical research in which they may be engaged.

The correspondence between Taylor the Icelandic Agent, Sigtryggur Jonasson, Assistant Icelandic Agent, and the Canadian government tells a most interesting story of the establishment of the first Icelandic colonies in Canada. Jonasson's annual report for the year 1877 states there were 103 deaths from smallpox, only 25 of these being of persons over 12 years of age; that the men get occasional good catches of whitefish; that the first Icelandic paper was published in September 1877; suggests that as an inducement to settlers to come to Gimli, there should be two mail deliveries a week instead of one a month. He apologizes for the increase in his expense account: dog teams had originally been hired for \$2.00 a day but after the physicians came to Gimli and paid \$3.00 a day, the owner of the dogs (Jon Ramsay) would not rent them for less than that "unreasonable" sum.

There are other places of interest which the visitor should not overlook; the museum, the library of Parliament, the National Observatory, which supplies us with correct time; the Experimental Farm which has made so many valuable contributions to agriculture, the Royal Mint, the National Art Gallery, Rideau Hall, the resident of the Governor General and the National War Memorial.

Lest some Icelander has deferred an intended visit to our capital city from fear of finding himself far removed from all his compatriots, it will be joyful news to him to hear that he may safely allay his fears. While he may

not be able to identify any of our thoroughfares with Sargent Avenue in Winnipeg or Centre St. in Gimli, he will soon discover that there we have a sizeable colony of Canadians of Icelandic extraction, many of whom can converse in Icelandic! They are found in many departments of government, some holding positions of great responsibility, yes, and a number are here as advisers and experts in their chosen fields. If Lord Dufferin could have witnessed this invasion of the Capital by Icelanders he would have regarded it as confirmation of the sentiments expressed in his kind and generous words of encouragement spoken to the colonists on the harsh shores of Lake Winnipeg almost three quarters of a century ago.

Ottawa has a reputation of being one of the most beautiful cities in Canada. It is situated on a cluster of hills and across the Ottawa River are the Gatineau Hills, which, to be really appreciated, should be seen in the spring, just when the trees are starting to turn green, or in the fall when they are a riot of colour, rust, gold and green. This is a sight which we believe cannot be surpassed anywhere. The lordly Ottawa, the picturesque Gatineau, the pastoral Rideau, all add to the beauty of the district. Within 30 miles of Ottawa are good waters for trout fishing and in the winter skiing on the hills is perfect.

In a certain sense Ottawa is Canada. Here is the seat of Government. Here is the dynamo which energizes the nation, the force which gives direction and impetus when problems of national importance arise. During the war we have been made more aware of this than ever before, for never have we been subjected to so many controls and regulations affecting our every day lives. To this city come all Canadians who must confer on important matters with the Government; delegations asking for the institution of new regulations or revision of existing ones; people from all walks of life, all bent on Canada's business. Representatives of foreign countries, distinguished visitors such as members or emissaries of foreign governments—all come here, for here is the central clearing house for those matters which affect the country as a whole. Yes, Ottawa is the most important spot in Canada.

Good Night

By GUTTORMUR J. GUTTORMSSON. Translated by JAKOBINA JOHNSON

Dúnalogn er allra átta, allir vindar geims sig nátta, nú er álfa heims að hátta, hinztu geislar slokkna skjótt, húmsins svarta silkiskýla sveipar þekjur vorra býla, upp er jörðin eins og hvíla öllu búin. — Góða nótt! Upp til hvíldar öllu búin er nú jörðin. Góða nótt!

Langþrekuðum lýð er kærast lágt að hvíla, endurnærast, blunda lengi vel, sem værast vekja taugum sínum þrótt, yfir lofts og lagar strauma líta Eden sinna drauma, sólarbrautir svífa nauma sælustundu. — Góða nótt. Svífa stutta stundu brautir stjarna og sólar. — Góða nótt!

Tak nú svefn, í ástararma alla menn, sem þjást og harma, legg þinn væng á lukta hvarma, láttu öllum verða rótt, leyf þeim, draumur, lengi að njóta lífsins, sem í vöku brjóta skipin sín í flök og fljóta fram hjá öllu. — Góða nótt. Þeim, sem fram hjá fegurð lífsins fara í vöku. Góða nótt!

Streym þú, himins stilling, niður, stattu við, þú nætur friður.
Hugur fellur fram og biður, funheitt andvarp lyftist hljótt:
Hætti allra sár að svíða, sólar verði gott að bíða, þurfi enginn kulda að kvíða, komi sólskin. — Góða nótt.
Enginn þurfi' að óttast, komi Engill dagsins. Góða nótt!

Stillness reigns—The winds are sleeping.
All our world is bent on keeping
Tryst with night, whose wings are
sweeping

From the west each ray of light.

Dusk—a soft and silken cover

Over all is seen to hover

In its readiness to cover

All the drowsy world—Good night.

Earth—a restful bed inviting

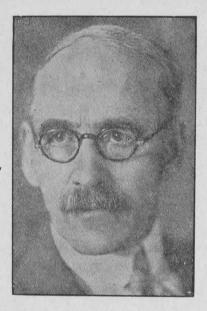
All her tired to sleep—Good night.

Those who laboured long, untiring, Hail this time of rest—desiring Strength renewed through sweet retiring, Welcome thoughts of short respite. And through spaces real or seeming Find the Eden of their dreaming, Soar to starry ways—redeeming Hours of toil and pain—Good night With the golden suns of heaven As companion-stars.—Good night.

God of sleep, descend embracing
All the weary souls, effacing
Pain and grief,—Thy uinions tracing
Airy ways in dreamy flight.
God of dreams, prolong endearing
Scenes for all whose luckless steering
Wrecks their ships;—who go careering
Past all loveliness.—Good night.
Those who, drifting, miss the beauty
Of their waking hours.—Good night.

Peace of heav'n on all descending,
With this stillness softly blending
Here abide.—Our thoughts ascending
In a fervent prayer unite:
From the pain of wounds relieve us,
From the dread of cold reprieve us.
—May the joyous sun receive us
When the morning breaks.—Good night.
—All in peace await the radiant
Angel of the dawn.—Good night.

MERIT REWARDED



Dr. SIG. JÚL JOHANNESSON

Not for the sake of the gold, Not for the sake of the fame, Not for the prize would I hold Any ambition or aim: I would be brave and be true Just for the good I can do.

Give me the thrill of the task, The joy of the battle and strife, Of being of use, and I'll ask No greater reward from this life. Better than fame or applause Is striving to further a cause.

These verses by Edgar Guest in such simple language are very applicable to Dr. Sig. Jul. Johannesson. From early manhood to his present age of 77 he has unflinchingly and unselfishly devoted his energy and ability to the cause of the lowly and the poor, to the cause of rectifying the mistakes in society and upholding the rights of the downtrodden and the unfortunate.

Dr. Johannesson has had a varied and distinguished career. He was born and

brought up in poverty in Iceland but through hard work and sacrifice achieved an enviable educational record. After graduation he studied one year in medicine in Iceland, then came to this country in 1899 and continued his studies in Winnipeg and later graduating from Chicago University as a Doctor of Medicine. He came back to Canada and endured the hardships of a country doctor in some of our Icelandic communities, never tiring of healing the sick and never refusing a call in foul or fair weather. Countless families in the farming and working communities feel such gratitude for the many deeds of kindness displayed by this unassumthat it almost humanitarian, amounts to reverence. For many years now he has practised in Winnipeg and is still, at his advanced age, a very familiar figure on the streets of Winnipeg with his medicine bag visiting the sick and unfortunate.

Though Dr. Johannesson has always been first and foremost a doctor he is more widely known and recognized for his literary achievements, as editor, author and poet. As a poet he is loved and revered wherever the Icelandic language is read, especially by the young who recite his poems, more than those of any other Icelandic poet, at concerts and festival gatherings. He is our Icelandic Bliss Carman and with that natural divine gift of poetry he ranks as one of the best of our Icelandic lyrical poets both in Iceland and America. With his poems and childrens' stories he has paved the way of recognition and admiration to every Icelandic heart and mind.

He edited the Icelandic magazine "Dagskrá," also the Icelandic weekly "Lögberg", where he originated a special section for children. For six years he was editor of the childrens paper "Baldursbrá," published by the Icelandic National League. Most of the material in that paper is of his own writing and

no one can estimate the cultural and educational value of that publication to the young Icelanders in this country. Dr. Johannesson was instrumental in the publication of the independent weekly "Voröld" and was its first and only editor. "Voröld" was non political and non sectarian but there he had the opportunity of bringing before the public the problems of the working classes and the weak and helpless in society.

His published books are: Stories and Poems; "Kvistir" a book of poetry; Poems for the young; and "Stories for Youth," published in Iceland in 1930.

Dr. Johannesson has for many years been a prominent and active worker in the Icelandic community in Winnipeg. He is an ardent supporter of the Icelandic Good Templar lodges and has played a prominent part in all their activities. He has several times been on the executive of the Icelandic National League and was recently made an Honorary Life member of that organization. Last but not least he is an

accomplished debater and a fluent platform speaker.

Dr. Johannesson is married to the former Halldora Fjelsted, who has been a staunch supporter and a steadfast helpmate in his varied activities. In his book of poetry "Kvistir" are two little verses to his wife, a little gem of Icelandic poetry and one of the finest tributes ever paid to a woman. They have two daughters; Fríða and Svanhvít, who are both graduates in Social Service work from Toronto University, and Svanhvít is also a graduate in Law from the Manitoba Law School.

As the years go by we realize more and more what a vast contribution Dr. Johannesson has made to Icelandic literature and to the cultural life of the Icelandic communities in Canada and our sincere wish is that his declining years may be crowned with the glory and recognition that he so richly deserves.

-B. E. Johnson

Granklin Delano Roosevelt

By SIG. JUL. JOHANNESSON. Translated by PAUL BJARNASON

"Þetta er landið þráða. — Þér eg leyfi að skoða það með eigin augum. — En um leið þér boða, að þú yfir þangað aldrei fæti stígur: sigur sérðu nálgast, sjálfur liðinn hnígur."

Svo við manninn Mose mælti drottinn forðum. — Dómur lífs og dauða dylst í slíkum orðum.

Moses lýð sinn leiddi langan veg og strangan, sýndist senn á enda, sigruð þrauta gangan. Drottinn lét hann líta "Thy long-sought land of Promise I lay before thy gaze;
The land wherein thy people Shall dwell in coming days. But o'er its sacred border
Thy foot shall never tread.
Anear the goal thy spirit
Shall gather with the dead".

Thus long ago to Moses,
The man, Jehovah spake
—A doom that mixed forebodings
Of life and death awake.

Moses led his people A long and toilsome way, Till gleaming in the offing The fields of Goshen lay. Jehovah spared his servant landið, sem hann þráði; hallast svo til hvíldar, helgi á leiðið stráði.

Roosevelt lið sitt leiddi langan veg og strangan, sýndist senn á enda, sigruð þrauta gangan. Drottinn lét hann dreyma dýrðar landið þráða: frelsis land og friðar, fólksins eigin ráða. —

Mikla menn og sterka margar þjóðir fæða, aðrir mótast merkjum mannúðar og gæða. Fáa af guði gefna greina mannleg fræði, sem frá borði bera bæði styrk og gæði.

Roosevelts heima og heiman hugsunin var þessi: Andi eilífs friðar allar þjóðir blessi. Þyrstur hlustað hafði heimur mörgum stundum er hann sálrænn sendi svölun alheims fundum.

Hann við arineldinn allir heyrðu tala: Þar í sorg og sælu sat með vin sinn "Fala"* Þá var eins og allir upp til fjarstu dala gætu séð hann sjálfan sitja þar og tala.

Okkar mikli Moses
— mikli og göfuglyndi —
lið sitt kvaddi og lézt á
lífs síns hæsta tindi.
Drottinn vakti — og varði
veikan fót á hjarni —
eins og ástrík móðir
yfir þreyttu barni.

Stórar, sterkar þjóðir standa þrumu lostnar eins og æðstu vonir allar liggi brostnar. For one enraptured look, Then signed his earthly chapter And closed his mortal book.

Roosevelt led his people
A long and toilsome way,
Until his land of promise
In brilliant prospect lay.
God blessed him with an image
Of all its features grand:
A land of peace and plenty,
The peoples' freedom-land.

Some men of strength and valor Among the dross are born.
An innate trend to goodness Some others may adorn.
But few among the leaders
—As human records state—
Are gifted with the nature
That makes them good and great.

Roosevelt's hope and vision For home and world embrace The faith that peace eternal May bless the human race. An eager world had listened Through many an hour of fear, While o'er the void he sent them His messages of cheer.

Oft with his trusty "Fala" Beside the hearth he sat, While with the earth's far peoples He shared his weekly chat. And all the troubled millions Who listened far and near Could feel his vibrant presence Dispel their chronic fear.

Now this our mighty Moses, So noble, wise and true, Has scaled life's highest summit And waved his last "adieu". His feet the Lord had guided Across the desert wild, As any loving mother Will guide her stumbling child.

And all the mighty nations Stand awed and thunderstruck, As if the hopes of mankind Were trampled in the muck. Yfir brim og boða berast kveðjur hljóðar út frá hug og hjarta heimsins minstu þjóðar.

Ein er von — nei, vissa — vitni seinni tímar —: Streyma úr öllum áttum ótal píligrímar: Leita að þreki og þroska, þýðing lífi sínu, eld í sálu sína sækja að leiði þínu.

Sæta vöggusöngva syngja Ægis dætur. — Kring um barn í blundi blómum jörðin grætur. Across the foaming ocean Love's tribute to his worth Is wafted from the heart of The smallest state on earth.

One hope, nay, one conviction, From out the chaos stands:
That pilgrims fired with purpose From all betroubled lands
Will seek for truth and courage
And visions new and brave,
And find that inspiration
Beside his hallowed grave.

"Ægir's daughters" softly Sing their lullabies. Beneath a rain of roses A child in slumber lies.

Luncheon for Dr. Thorvaldson

The Icelandic Canadian Club and the Icelandic National League jointly entertained Dr. and Mrs. Thorbergur Thorvaldson at luncheon in the Marlborough Hotel April 24. More than one hundred and fifty guests were present. Mrs. H. F. Danieldson, Pres. of the Icelandic Canadian Club was in the chair. Rev. H. E. Johnson spoke for the Icelandic National League and Judge W. J. Lindal on behalf of the Icelandic Canadian Club.

Mrs. T. R. Thorvaldson, accompanied by Gunnar Erlendson, sang a group of Icelandic songs.

Dr. Thorvaldson, the guest of honour, felicitated the groups on the work they were doing in bringing matters of special cultural interest to their members, noting particularly the work of the Icelandic Canadian Club in interpreting their cultural heritage to those who do not fully understand the Icelandic language. He spoke further of the advantages of a dual culture in contributing to a Canadian culture,

and emphasized the fact that we must know and be loyal to the roots from which we have sprung, realizing that we are only a small part of an age-old culture, in order to reach our full development as Canadians.

Earl of Athlone Visits Gimli

Following the example of Lord Dufferin and Lord Tweedsmuir, the Earl of Athlone, Governor General of Canada, visited Gimli, the first Icelandic settlement in Western Canada, April 26th.

The Vice-Regal party was accorded a hearty reception by outstanding members of the Icelandic community, representing the professions, business and descendants of the first pioneers.

Mr. Justice H. A. Bergman, presented the Earl of Athlone with a copy of Iceland in Pictures.

In acknowlegment the Earl of Athlone complimented the community on the culture, industry and intelligence with which they have contributed to Canadian life.

[&]quot;Fala" var hundur Roosevelts.

^{*&}quot;Fala" was the name of Roosevelt's dog.

VALDINE CONDE

Valdine Nordal Conde was born with the breath of genius in her soul and wonderful musical ability in her fingertips, otherwise she could not have risen at her tender age, to a place among the greatest of contemporary concert pianists, not only on this continent but of the whole world. Miss Conde's meteoric rise to fame within the firmament of music reads like a "believe it or not" fairy tale with each chapter glowing with success and each shining with more illustriousness and inportance than the one preceding. Every year has brought her greater opportunities, wider audiences and new fame, till now only fifteen years old she occupies a place of such prominence that she is regarded by many authorities to be of all women concert pianists, the outstanding artist among them. Ever since Valdine was a child prodigy of three she has dedicated her whole interest to furthering her musical career. With the constant care and encouragement of her devoted Icelandic mother and the ever vigilant and thorough professional tutoring and counsel of her aunt Mrs. S. Helgason, herself a pianist of noteworthiness, Valdine made rapid progress in the elementary forms of her art. It is more than likely that with all the public performances that she has since given, the first, on Armistice day 1934, when she played over one of the Winnipeg Broadcasting stations, will always be to her the most thrilling, the most exciting. Though then only four years old and of course too small to seat herself unassisted on the ordinary size piano bench, she played with an adult's sureness of touch and a technical mastery far beyond her years. For the next two years she was a regular performer with a radio group over this same station twice each week. By this time her precocity and unusual musical talents had gained enheartening response and wide recognition. It was not surprising therefore that her path should lead to New York, the mecca of the arts,



VALDINE NORDAL CONDE

that same year. Then only six, she played with the National Broadcasting Company. The following year she returned to Winnipeg as guest soloist with a Concert Orchestra, where she played compositions by Mozart-sixty pages of musical notations— completely from memory. Such a technical feat would indeed be the envy of any concert performer. Next year she was engaged as soloist for the New York Civic Symphony conducted by Joseph Littan. She was nine years old when she performed the B flat minor Concerto by Tschaikowsky with the Nassau Philharmonic Symphony. The following year she appeared with the Hartford Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the brilliant Leon Barzin. When twelve, she was guest soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in Grant Park, when seventy thousand people had come to attend the concert. During these years she has appeared with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Sir Ernest MacMillan conductor, and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall as well as many other

equally distinguished public and private concerts too numerous to mention.

Along with her intensive and exhaustive hours at the piano Miss Conde has found time for the other activities that girls of her own age are interested in. She has grown up in a natural healthy manner and is now tall of stature and lithe of movement. With fair hair are the blue eyes of her ancestry sparkling with vitality and the joy of living. With the first few years of her life leaving behind them a trail of glory that dazzles

the eye, strains at the bonds of credibility and staggers the imagination it would be folly to try to predict what the future holds for this young artist, that the past has not already given her.

Somewhere beyond the pall of man's achievements is that unattained pinnacle of perfection to which great artists look. Miss Conde strives upwards and onwards towards that goal and our earnest wishes accompany her on her way.

—G. E

Broadcast

made by the Hon. Thor Thors on the evening of President Roosevelt's death.

Never before have we felt so distinctly as now, in this moment of penetrating grief, when the news of the Great President's death is flashed to every corner of the world, how small the world is, how true that there is just one world. The announcement of President Roosevelt's death is received with the deepest mourning by freedom-loving people on every spot of the globe, from North to South, from East to West, by individuals and nations, who have set their hopes and hearts on dreams of justice and fairness for all men, in the new world arising from the ruins of this terrific war.

President Roosevelt was the first president of the United States to be known by every child in my country-Iceland. In 1941 the Government of Iceland concluded an agreement with President Roosevelt to the effect that the American forces should take over the protection of Iceland during the war. Many of the people of Iceland had never seen a soldier before and my country by reason of its smallness can never be a warfaring nation on its own. When we allowed the American soldiers to use our country for military purposes, we did so first and foremost because we knew we could trust the Great President of the United States. The fact that the treaty which my Government had made with President Roosevelt was unanimously approved by the Icelandic Parliament, clearly proves that also in my small country, so far away from the United States, President Roosevelt enjoyed everyone's trust and respect.

The Government and people of Iceland will receive the news of President Roosevelt's death with the feeling of the most profound grief. We know that we have lost a true friend of our country and of all the small nations, a friend whom we deeply miss. In the annals of our history his name will stand with golden letters as it will in the history of the entire world.

No human being can eternally live, however it says in the old Icelandic Edda, that a noble name will never die, nor will the fame of a dead man's deeds. President Roosevelt's deeds, his leadership and noble ideals will be one of the brightest stars that finally will lead wandering humanity to the realization of his dreams of a better and fairer world.

The United States is a country of great riches, its riches will go from one generation to another. One of the greatest inheritances that the present warsuffering generations of the United States will give to all the coming generations is the illustrious example set by the Great President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

This inheritance will be shared by all the peoples of the world through all the times to come.

In that hope humanity marches onward.

OUR WAR EFFORT



Cpl. Reinert Peterson



Tpr. G. P. Peterson



L.A.C. O. C. Peterson



Sgt. R. N. Peterson

- CPL. REINERT PETERSON—Born July 28, 1916 at Lundar, Man. Enlisted July 1940 in L. S. H. Tank Corps. Embarked for overseas Dec. 1941. Now serving in Italy.
- L.A.C. O. C. PETERSON—Born May 2, 1921 at Oakview, Man. Enlisted June 1941. Is stationed at Dauphin, Man.
- TPR. G. P. PETERSON—Born Oct. 25, 1923 at Oakview, Man. Enlisted Jan. 1943. Embarked for overseas Dec. 1943, is now serving in France
- SGT. R. N. PETERSON—Born July 21, 1925 at Oakview, Man. Enlisted April 1944 in R.C.A.F. and is now stationed at Aylmer, Ont.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. ROGNVALDUR PETERSON, OAKVIEW, MAN.







Pte. S. J. Sigurdson

Sgt. B. V. Sigurdson

Skr. O. M. Sigurdson

PTE. SIGURDUR J. SIGURDSON—Born at Leslie, Sask., Aug. 4, 1915. Enlisted July 1941. Went overseas 1942. Now serving in France with R.C.E., C.A.O.

SGT. BJÖRN V. SIGURDSON—Born in Winnipeg Dec. 29, 1910. Enlisted in 1939 in 1 Med. Rgt. R.C.A. (3 bty) C.A.O. Went overseas August 20, 1940.

ST. OSKAR M. SIGURDSON—Born Feb. 13, 1925 at Yorkton, Sask. Enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. April 1945. Now at Shelburne, N. S.

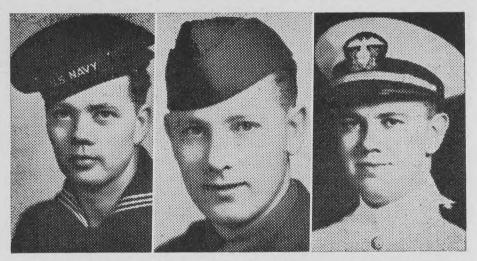
SONS OF PORKELL SIGURDSON AND THE LATE SIGRIDUR SIGURDSON, LANGLEY PRAIRIE, B. C.



S/SGT. VICTOR J. THORDARSON—Born in Winnipeg Nov. 16, 1917. Enlisted in U. S. Army Signal Corps Nov. 1942. Went overseas Mar. 1944. Now serving in France. Son of Mrs. Oddny Thordarson, Los Angeles, Calif.



LIEUT. PETER J. PEARSON—Born at Vancouver Dec. 4, 1914. Enlisted in 3rd Searchlight Bty., R.C.A., Sept. 1939. Now with Can. Army Trade School, Ottawa. Son of Mrs. Hannah and the late Nels Pearson, Vancouver, B. C.



S.1C Jon Goodman

Sgt. Walter I. Goodman

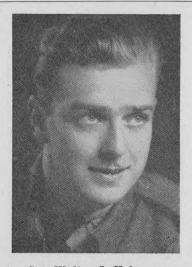
Lieut, Leo. C. Goodman

S.IC. JON GOODMAN—Born in Bellingham, Wash. Enlisted June 7, 1942, has served aboard a battleship. Active duty Normandy invasion. Now in Pacific.

SGT. WALTER I. GOODMAN—Born in Bellingham, Wash. Enlisted April 6, 1942. Now stationed at Army Air Base, Salanis California.

LIEUT. LEO C. GOODMAN—Born in Bellingham, Wash. Enlisted Dec. 23, 1941. Has served in the Pacific theatre of war; now stationed at Bremerton Navy Yard.

SONS OF THE LATE M. GOODMAN & SARAH GOODMAN, BELLINGHAM, WASH.



Sgt. Walter A. Helgason



Craftsm. Brynj. Helgason

FATHER AND SON

SGT. INST. WALTER A. HELGASON—Born in Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 6, 1920. Enlisted with the D.C.O.R., B. C. Rgt., Sept. 1939. Now an Instructor, Vancouver, B. C. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Brynjólfur Helgason, Vancouver, B. C.

CRAFTSMAN BRYNJÓLFUR HELGASON—Born in Iceland Dec. 31, 1889. Enlisted with 6th Field Coy., R.C.E. at North Vancouver, B. C., June 1940. Embarked for overseas June 1941. Now with 1st Base Workshop, R.C.E.M.E.







Pte. A. A. Isford

Pte. E. H. Isford

Gnr. G. T. Isford

PTE. ARNOLD ARTHUR ISFORD—Born in Winnipeg Nov. 20, 1925. Enlisted on April 3, 1944 with the Princess Pats Canadian Light Infantry. Was stationed at Fort Garry and transferred to Camp Shilo. He went overseas in Nov. 1944.

PTE. EDWIN H. ISFORD—Born Dec. 22, 1926 in Winnipeg. Enlisted Jan. 1945 in the C.I.T.C. Is stationed at Fort Garry where he is in training.

GNR. GEORGE THOMAS ISFORD—Born in Winnipeg Dec. 14, 1924. He enlisted on 25th Aug. 1943 in University Army Training Corps and was stationed at McGill University. Went overseas in Aug. 1944 and is with the R.C.A. at present.

SONS OF MR. & MRS THOMAS H. ISFORD OF WINNIPEG, MAN.

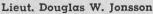


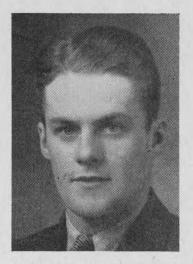
S2/C LILY SVEINSON—Born at Arnaud, Man., April 5, 1919. Enlisted in Waves Aug. 1941. Trained at New York, where she is now serving. Daughter of Johannes Sveinson and the late Asa Sveinson of Oxnard, Calif., formerly of Winnipeg, Man.



F.O. ROBERT J. NICHOLSON—Born in Winnipeg Nov. 27, 1921. Enlisted Feb. 1942. Commissioned on graduating in June 1943. Has been instructing at Dauphin, Gimli and Rivers. Son of Mrs. Bertha (Davidson) Nicholson and the late G. "Herb" Nicholson of Winnipeg.







Sgt. Ragnar M. Jonsson

LIEUT. DOUGLAS W. JONSSON—Born in Saskatoon, Sask., Nov. 30, 1917. Enlisted in 1941 in the R.C.E. Trained at Gordon Head, B. C. Went overseas Jan. 1944. He is now with the R.E. of the 2nd British Army in Holland.

SGT. RAGNAR M. JONSSON—Born in Saskatoon, Sask., Dec. 14, 1915. Enlisted Sept. 1940 in R.C.A. and trained in Petawawa. Went overseas Dec. 1940. He is now with the 1st Can. Army in Belgium.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. JUNIUS JONSSON, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.



SGT. M. P. CARL BJARNASON—Born on June 18, 1941 at Churchbridge, Sask. Enlisted March 1941. Went overseas Oct. 1941 Now serving with Intelligence Div. in Italy. Son og Mrs. Bjorg and the late Sigurdur Bjarnason of Churchbridge, Sask.



in Ballard, Wash., May 1, 1923. Enlisted April 1, 1943 with U. S. Army Combat Engineers. Went overseas in Oct. 1944, now on duty in England. Son of Jon Magnusson and Guðrún Lindal Magnusson, Ballard, Wash.



Cpl. Paul H. Thorgrimson



Pte. S. A. Thorgrimson

CPL. PAUL. H. THORGRIMSON—Born May 11, 1917 at Vancouver, B. C. Enlisted Feb. 1940, trained at Vancouver, Wash., served with 18th Engineers in the construction of Alcan Highway. Went to Aleutians Mar. 1942, where he now serves.

PTE. STEPHEN A. THORGRIMSON—Born Vancouver, B. C., Feb. 29, 1920. Enlisted Nov. 1942. Trained at Camp McQuade, Calif., and Camp Custer, Mich. Went overseas Oct. 1944 and is now serving in the Pacific.

SONS OF MRS. JOHANNA SVEINSSON AND THE LATE ASGRIMUR THORGRIMSON OF OXNARD, CALIF.



CPL. JAKOB BJÖRGVIN LINDAL (Jαke)
—Born at Leslie, Sask., Jan. 31, 1919.
Son of August Lindal and the late Inga
Torfason Lindal of Arbor Vista, Ont.
Enlisted in Feb. 1942. Went overseas in
Aug. 1942 with 69th Tank Transport
Coy., now stationed in Europe.



PTE. JOHANNES K. STEINTHORSON— Born at Vogar, Man., April 1923. Enlisted in R.C.A.S.C. in April 1942. Went overseas Sept. 1942. Transferred to the Essex Scottish Reg. Reported wounded Feb. 15, 1945 in Germany. Son og Mr. & Mrs. John Steinthorson, Vogar, Man.



Lieut. A. M. Kristjanson



Lieut. G. R. Kristjanson

LIEUT. ARTHUR M. KRISTJANSON—Born July 15, 1920 at Wynyard, Sask. Enlisted in Canadian Artillery at Regina. Commissioned in 1944. Stationed at Camp Shilo.

LIEUT.—GUSTAF R. KRISTJANSON—Born Aug. 14, 1917 at Wynyard, Sask. Enlisted in R.C.N.V.R. in 1942 and is serving overseas.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. HAKON KRISTJANSON, WYNYARD, SASK.



F.O. ROBERT (BOB) EAGER—Born Aug. 23, 1922 at Winnipeg, Man. Enlisted Oct. 1942 in R.C.A.F. Graduated as navigator in Jan. 1944. Went overseas Feb. 1944. Reported missing Jan. 1945 and later reported prisoner of war in Germany. Was liberated and arrived in England May 14. Is now on his way home. A brother, F.O. W. H. (Bill) Eager who won the D.F.C. was killed in action Dec. 16, 1943. Son of Mrs. Johanna (Finnson) Eager and the late Harry Eager of Winnipeg.



St.1C GEORGE H. SHORTREED—Born Sept. 5, 1923 at Edmonton, Alta. Enlisted Dec. 1942 in R.C.N.V.R. Served on a minesweeper and on convoy duty in the North Atlantic. Now in St. John's, Nfld. Son of Mr. & Mrs. W. Geo. (Edda Hannesson) Shortreed of Edmonton, Alta.







A.S. J. G. Midford

L.A.C. C. S. Midford

O.S. Carl F. Midford

A.S. JOHANN G. MIDFORD—Born Sept. 17, 1924 in Selkirk, Man. Enlisted in Feb. 1943 in R.C.N.V.R. Trained at H.M.C.S. Chippawa in Winnipeg, and later at Cornwallis, Deepdale, N. S. Now stationed at the East Coast.

L.A.C. CHRISTOPHER S. MIDFORD—Born Jan. 24, 1923 at Selkirk, Man. Enlisted August 1942 in R.C.A.F. Trained in Winnipeg and Lachine, Que., as Wireless Operator, is now stationed at Prince George, B. C.

O.S. CARL F. MIDFORD—Born Feb. 21, 1926 in Selkirk, Man. Enlisted March 1944 in R.C.N.V.R. Trained at H.M.C.S. Chippawa, Winnipeg, and later at Cornwallis, Deepdale, N. S. Now stationed at the East coast.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. C. J. MIDFORD, SELKIRK, MAN.



L.S. ROBERT JULIUS—Born at Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 9, 1923. Enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. Nov. 17, 1940. Trained for gunnery at Esquimalt, B. C. Stationed at Prince Rupert, B. C. Son of Mr. & Mrs. H. J. Julius, Vancouver, B. C.



PTE. GLYN E. TUCKER—Born Regina, Sask., May 28, 1915. Enlisted with Duke of Connaughts Own Rifles Sept. 1939. Discharged Nov. 1944. Son of Mr. & Mrs. E. A. Tucker of Vancouver, B. C.

T/SGT. JOHN T. FLOWERS

Born 1922 in Stillwater, Minn. Enlisted in August 1940 in the A.A.C. Trained at A.A.T.S. at Scott Field, Ill. Was stationed in Alaska, but is now attached to Group Headquarters, Santa Monica, Calif.

Son of Mr. & Mrs. (Matilda Thorwald) Elliot Flowers, Verdugo City, Calif.



Sgt. John T. Flowers



T/5 JOHN L. HINZ

Born 1920 at Osceola, Wis. Enlisted in July 1942 in the Signal Bn. and is now stationed in the Southwest Pacific.

Son of Mr. & Mrs. (Amalia Thorwald) Anton Hinz, Osceola, Wis.





T/5 John L. Hinz



CPL. RICHARD F. OLSON

Born 1925 at Stillwater, Minn. Enlisted in November 1942 in the A.A.C., and is now stationed at Buckley Field, Calif.

> Son of Mr. & Mrs. (Runie Thorwald) Leonard Olson, Stillwater, Minn.



Cpl. Richard F. Olson



Major K. J. Austman, M.D. Cpl. Caroline Gunnarsson Capt. W. Kristjanson

MAJOR KRISTJAN J. AUSTMAN, M.D., is well known to our people as a physician, and a veteran of World War 1. He had a brilliant university career prior to enlisting in the 223rd Scandinavian Battalion in March 1916. Owing to impaired health he was discharged in Sept. 1917 after having served overseas. He graduated in medicine in 1921 and became Assistant Professor at the Manitoba Medical College. He later entered private practice at Wynyard, Sask., where he lived for 10 years. He then took post-graduate work in various hospitals in England, specializing in diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, and practiced in Winnipeg for a short period prior to offering his services to the R.C.A.M.C. in April 1941. He has served in military hospitals at Kingston, Petawawa, and is at present serving at Fort Osborne, Winnipeg.

An article contributed by him appeared in our December 1944 issue.

*

CPL. CAROLINE GUNNARSSON—Born in Iceland and came to Canada at the age of ten, with her parents, Gunnar and Groa Gunnarsson, who settled at Bredenbury, Sask. Enlisted in the C.W.A.C. in April 1942. Trained at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que. Served as stenographer with M.D. 10. Has been stationed at Ottawa since July 1944, as Editor of the C.W.A.C. News Letter, published by the National Defence Headquarters. She is an author of numerous short stories, one of which was published in our issue of June 1944.

+

CAPT. W. KRISTJANSON was born December 28, 1896 at Otto, Man., son of the late Magnus Kristjanson and Margret (Danielson) Kristjanson of Lundar, Man. He served with the 107th Batt. and later with the 44th Batt. in France during World War 1. He graduated from Wesley College in 1920 with a B.A. degree. He joined the University of Manitoba Cont. C.O.T.C. in Oct. 1939. In Jan. 1942 he was transferred to the Winnipeg Grenadiers and 103rd Basic Training Centre as Training Officer. Attended the Canadian Army Administration School at Kemptville, Ont., and was appointed Adjutant of the U. of M., C.O.T.C. in 1943, in which capacity he is serving. An article contributed by him appeared in the March 1943 issue of our magazine.



F.O. S. A. Bjarnason

H/Capt. J. H. Bjarnason

H/CAPT.. JON HELGI BJARNASON, M.B.E., was born at Mary Hill, P.O., Man. in 1898. He is the son of the late Gudmundur Bjarnason and Gudrun Eyjolfina Bjarnason, pioneers of the Lundar district. He served overseas with the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps in World War 1. In Feb. 1941 he joined the Canadian Auxiliary Services and served in England, France, gium and Holland until Jan. 1945, when he returned to Canada. He returned to England in April 1945 as Overseas Manager for the Canadian Legion War Services Inc.

F.O. STEFAN AGUST BJARNASON was born in Winnipeg in 1922, son of H/Capt. Jon H. and Mrs. Bjarnason of Winnipeg. He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in March 1942. He served as a bomber pilot, over enemy territory, and was shot down over Normandy in August 1944, but evaded capture and eventually returned to Canadian Army lines, where he joined his father. He returned to Canada, was released from his duties, and is now attending the University of Manitoba.



Sgt. T. Gudmundson



Sgt. E. G. Gudmundson

SGT. THORSTEINN GUDMUNDSON—Born in Winnipeg Oct. 8, 1919. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. Nov. 9, 1938. Now stationed at Aylmer, Ont

SGT. EINAR G. GUDMUNDSON—Born in Winnipeg Oct. 8, 1919. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. at Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 9, 1938. Now stationed in Dartmouth, N. S. TWIN SONS OF MRS. KRISTIN SKARDAL AND THE LATE MR. EINAR GUDMUNDSON OF VANCOUVER, B. C.

IN MEMORIAM



P.O. GORDON H. LEMESSURIER—Born in Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 12, 1915. Enlisted in R.C.N.V.R. March 31, 1942. Trained at Esquimalt, B. C. On Atlantic Patrol from Jan. 1943 to May 1943. Died at Esquimalt Naval Hosp. Mar. 13, 1944. Only son of Mr. & Mrs. H. S. LeMessurier, Vancouver, B. C. (Grandson of Mr. & Mrs. J. Magnus Bjarnason, Elfros, Sask,).



PTE. GARDAR HAROLD THOR-KELSON—Born Aug. 23, 1915 at Ashern, Man. Enlisted Oct. 1940 in Can. Provost Corps. Went overseas Nov. 1941. Transferred to R.C.A.S.C. in Dec. 1943. Was killed in action in France Oct. 3, 1944. Son of Mr. & Mrs. H. Thorkelson, Ashern, Man.



F.O. DAVID H. JONASSON—Born May 3, 1914 at Baldur, Man. Enlisted Aug. 1941 in R.C.A.F. Trained in Brandon, Winnipeg, Dafoe & Prince Albert. Embarked for overseas Oct. 1942. Reported missing Feb. 1944 and presumed dead Feb. 1945. Son of Mr. & Mrs. H. D. Jonasson, Baldur, Man.



TEL. INGVI SVEINN (Eric) ERICK-SON—Born April 17, 1923 at Arborg, Man. Enlisted Nov. 1942. Took his Telegraphers training at Toronto and St. Hyacinthe, Que., and was later attached to H.M.C.S. Alberni. Was reported missing, presumed killed on 21, Aug. 1944, when the Alberni was lost due to enemy action. Only son of Herdis and Ingvi S. Erickson, Arborg, Man.



ÍVAR GUÐMUNDSSON

Often in the past we have had an opportunity to welcome and confer with representative men and women from Iceland. Those occasions have always been a pleasure and an encouragement for the future. Our most recent visitors are no exception to the rule, in fact are in the van among those who have by their friendliness and understanding endeared themselves to us all. Ivar Guðmundsson is on the editorial staff of Morgunblaðið, reported to be the most widely circulated daily in Iceland. In his address in the Federated Church on Friday, June 1, he gave a comprehensive survey of recent events in Iceland and plans, that are in the making, for the future, both in the domestic and the international field. On the Sunday following the members of the executive of the Icelandic Club and the Magazine Committee met him and his charming wife. After an exchange of opinions on matters of mutual interest the Chairman of the Editorial Staff, on behalf of both committees, presented Mr. Guðmundsson with a bound copy of the first two volumes of the magazine.



Dr. THORBERGUR THORVALDSON

• At the recent convocation of the University of Manitoba, Dr. Thorbergur Thorvaldson, Prof. of Chemistry at the University of Saskatchewan, was awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Science for his important chemical researches, the most outstanding of which has been his creation of an alkali-resistant cement. Dean Saunderson, who presented Dr. Thorvaldson for his honorary degree, stated that he was recognized as a world authority on the chemistry of cement

Dr. Thorvaldson graduated from the University of Manitoba in 1906, received his M.A. from Harvard in 1909, and his Ph.D. from the same university in 1911.

Mrs. T. Thorvaldson is the former Margaret Paulson, daughter of the late Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Paulson. "W. H." as most people knew him, was for many years a member of the Saskatchewan legislature. Mrs. Thorvaldson received her B.A. at Wesley and her R.N. in Minneapolis.

Icelandic Canadian Evening School

A large and enthusiastic audience enjoyed the closing program of the Icelandic Canadian Evening School held in the First Lutheran church, May 14th.

The final lecture of the season's series, "Icelandic literature of the 19th century," was given by Prof. Skuli Johnson. Musical numbers consisted of vocal solos by Mrs. R. Penton and accordion duets by two youthful performers, Joyce Thordarson and Kenneth Clark. Recitations were given in Icelandic by Mrs. E. Richardson and Mrs. G. Bergvinson, and an address by Mr. Murray Pippy.

Rev. V. J. Eylands spoke briefly and congratulated the sponsors of the school on the success of this educational venture. The fact that two of the non-Icelandic students of the school, Mrs. Bergvinson and Mr. Pippy, took part in the program using the Icelandic language so correctly proved, he said, what valuable work had already been accomplished.

Mrs. Holmfriður Danielson, president of the Icelandic Canadian club, who has been in charge of the school, presided, and gave a report on the season's work, showing that 12 lectures on the history and literature of Iceland have been given, and 16 periods of language study. making a total of 28 study periods; 1600 lesson sheets for the study of the Icelandic language have been mimeographed and distributed. Fifty students registered for the language classes and of these 33 attended regularly: 8 in the junior class, taught by Mrs. Danielson; 9 in the intermediate class, taught by Miss Lilja Guttormson, and 15 in the senior class, taught by Miss Salome Halldorson.

We are proud of the brilliant performance of the junior class, she said, because most of them are not of Icelandic extraction and because they have showed such a remarkable aptitude and enthusiasm for the work, which should serve as an incentive to the rest of us. But, she added, let us not overlook the really excellent work done by the stu-

dents in the other classes, who applied themselves seriously to the study of Icelandic grammar and literature, and did some outstanding translations. Mrs. Richardson who is in the intermediate class did a prose translation of G. Guttormsson's poem 'Sandy Bar', which had been studied in class during one of the periods devoted to literature. Miss Grace Revkdal, a member of the senior class, completed, in verse, a translation of a long poem from the Icelandic Reader. Adhering carefully to the subject matter, she succeeded in keeping the structure well balanced, and creating a smooth flow of language, as this sample of her verses will prove:

Asa steps in rythm true,
Radiant mist her dresses;
On her head a cap of blue
Brightly shine her tresses.
Wavelets play together on the yellow sands;

Sweetly sing the birds in green woodlands.

The students entered whole heartedly into their work and are so keen on further study that they have decided to hold classes during the summer months, with the aid of their teachers.

The School will be re-opened next fall and another series of lectures given.

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Graduates From University of Manitoba



Top row, left to right: Vordis Fridfinnson, Salina Edna Jonasson, Lorna Marian Olson.

Middle row, left to right: Ethel Thelma Heath, Guðrun Johanna Wilson, Elsbeth Clare Zimmerman.

Bottom row, left to right: Margaret Eileen Johnson, Thora Austman, Raquell Laura Austman.







Bryan H. Arason

Kenneth Hallson

Bjarni H. Jakobson

BACHELORS OF ARTS

Vordis Friðfinnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. N. S. Friðfinnson, Arborg Manitoba.

Ethel Thelma Heath, daughter of R.W. Heath and Jonina Guðmundsdottir Heath, St. James, Man.

Lorna Marian Olson, daughter of Guðrun Olson and the late Dr. J. Olson, 1021 Dominion St. Winnipeg.

Elsbeth Clare Zimmerman, daughter of W. Harry Zimmerman and Elizabeth Gillies Zimmerman granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Gillies.

Thora Austman, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Kristjan J. O. Austman.

Margaret Eileen Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Johnson, 653 Warsaw Ave. Winnipeg.

DIPLOMA IN INTERIOR DECORATING

Raquell Laura Austman, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Kristjan J. O. Austman, 191 Rupertsland Ave., Winnipeg

BACHELORS OF SCIENCE IN HOME ECONOMICS

Salina Edna Jonasson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Jonasson, 195 Ash St. Winnipeg.

Mrs. Guðrun Johanna Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Skaptason, 378 Maryland St. Winnipeg.

DIPLOMA IN AGRICULTURE

Bryan H. Arason, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Arason, Cypress River, Man.

Bjarni H. Jakobson, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Jakobson, Geysir Man.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Kenneth Hallson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hallson, 714 Ellice Ave., Winnipeg.

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE



Thorberg Johannesson, son of the late Halldor Johannesson and Ragnheiður Johannesson, 848 Banning St., Winnipeg

The names of the following nurses have been reported as graduating from the Winnipeg General Hospital in the current year: Clara Margaret Einarson, Lorna Magny Einarson, Osk Steinun Einarson, Elin Vigdis Johnston, Anna Pauline Vopni, Gudrun Johnson, Alda Johanna Kristjanson.

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

The names of the following students of Icelandic extraction appeared in the Convocation Programme of the University of Saskatchewan, May 11.



Barbara Rose Olafson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thorsteinn Olafson of Unity, Sask., won the Homemakers' Prize for Household Science.



Conrad Gislason, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Gislason of Leslie, Sask., won a second year scholarship in Agriculture.



Oliver Eggert Laxdal, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Laxdal of Kuroki, Sask., was awarded a certificate in Medicine. He has proceeded to the University of Toronto to complete his course.

Two Icelandic girls have excelled this year in extra-curricular activities at the University of Saskatchewan. Aldis Peterson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Peterson of Saskatoon, was awarded the "Spirit of Youth" trophy as "the girl most outstanding in sports and qualities of leadership." Miss Peterson has had a long record of participation in sports, especially basketball and tennis, and as a leader in University student organizations. In her senior year in the Nutana Collegiate she held the highest distinction in her class, being "Senior Pin." At the University she was Secretary of the Women's Athletic Board in 1942-43 and President of the same organization in 1943-44. She has been Captain of the Girls' Basketball Team, President of the Penta Kai Deka Society and Vice-President of the Students' Representative Council, the highest offices for which a girl at the University is eligible.

The other girl is Lily Kristjanson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hákon Krist-

janson of Wynyard, Sask. She, with her team-mate, Guðny Solmundson, won the intercollege debating competition at the University represented by the Hill Cup Trophy. She also represented the University successfully in an inter-University debate.



LILY KRISTJANSON



ALDIS PETERSON

SCHOLARSHIPS

University of Manitoba



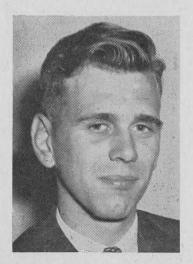
Clifford S. Amundson, son of the late August and Stella Amundson of Selkirk, Man., formerly of Big Island, Man. — Awarded Tucker Scholarship of \$200. Hon. mention, Isbister Scholarship.



Glen Alan Lillington, son of H. A. Lillington and Kristjana Johnson Lillington, 855 Spruce St., Winnipeg, received an Isbister Scholarship of \$80.



Sigrun B. Sigurdson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kristján Sigurdson, Geysir, Man., received a Tucker Scholarship of \$200.

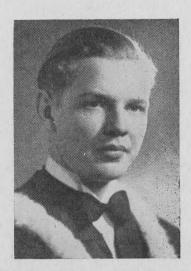


Adalsteinn F. Kristjanson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Friðrik Kristjanson, 205 Ethelbert St., Winnipeg, 2nd year law \$80.

Kristin Cecelia Anderson, daughter of Eirikur and Anna Anderson of Baldur, Man., received the Cora Hind Scholarship of \$325 in Home Economics, also Honorable Mention. Picture appeared in Dec. 1943, issue.



Helen Kristbjörg Sigurdson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sigurbjörn Sigurdson, 98 Lenore St., Winnipeg, received the Hudson Bay Scholarship of \$100. Helen is also Lady Stick for next year representing Interior Decorating.



Harold A. C. Johnson, son of Prof. and Mrs. Skuli Johnson, 176 Lenore St., Winnipeg, received the McLean Scholarship in Arts and Science (Honors Course) \$125.

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Stuff of Dreams

By HELEN SIGURDSON

There are those who contend that there is no such thing as the human mind or soul. That all its manifestations are simply chemical reactions and that when science finally has answered every question that can be asked about chemistry and physics, all this talk about the mind as a thing apart from the body will be proved as false as the claims of the old time alchemists. Perhaps they're right and yet there are still things that chemistry can't explain, and I doubt if it ever can.

Take what happened to Bob and Ruth Eliason for instance. They were the most every day ordinary sort of couple; neither of them had the slightest interest in telepathy or other psychic manifestations and yet the following story is true, every word of it.

Probably it would be hard to find two people more in love than they were. They married the year after she graduated as a nurse from St. Margaret's hospital. Bob still had two years to go before he could qualify as a doctor. He was the senior interne over at the County Hospital the winter their first child was born.

It began with the visit from Bob's sister Caroline. She was a medical missionary, just returned from seven years at a remote station in the jungles of Burma. She was on her way east but had stopped off between trains to meet Ruth and her new niece. She had only a couple of hours and so Bob met her train and brought her right up to the hospital. Caroline was one of those eager, enthusiastic people and it was easy for her to sweep all her family and friends along with her in her enthusiasm and her enthusiasm was the Burma mission field.

By the time "visiting hours" had come to an end she had practically convinced Bob that his main interest in life was tropical medicine and that Burma offered a wonderful field for research as well as a great opportunity to serve humanity. Ruth wasn't quite so sure. The climate of Burma didn't sound very healthy for babies. Still if Bob went, of course she was going too.

The two left early as Caroline had to catch her train. Bob was on call that night over at County so he couldn't get back until the following evening. After they had gone the nurse brought the baby. And again Ruth wondered how such an absurdly helpless bit of pink flesh could ever grow to be a self sufficient woman-like Caroline for instance. And yet Caroline must have looked like this too at the begining. Her thoughts strayed to the things Caroline had told them about Burma: the great sluggish river in front of the mission, the miles of jungle behind it. They had shot a tiger within a mile of the mission and one morning Caroline had found a cobra in her bathroom. Ruth held the baby closer. No! mos! decidedly Burma was not a good place to bring up a family.

After the baby had been taken back to the nursery she tried to read, but a detective story seemed tame after the real life adventure she had been hearing. Suddenly she felt very tired. So she turned off the light and tried to sleep. For a long time, however the new turn Caroline's visit had made in Bob's plans kept her awake. Of course Bob might look at things differently once he had time to think things over and talk with her. And what should she say? Of course if it was really what he wanted to do, she must say yes.

* * *

Burma was very much as Caroline had described it except for the heat. Ruth had never known anything like the heat. She was enveloped in it, smothered by it. It lay around her, under her, over her, like a vast feather bed. And yet the mission stood on a hill overlooking the river. Down in the valley it was hotter still. Moreover, the mission was clean. The walls and floors were scrubbed white, the children and the native servants all wore white, which made their skins look darker by contrast. The sun shone through the west windows on rows of white beds.

Ruth's eyes ached with all the hard brilliance of the place. She longed for a bit of shade. She watched Caroline moving down the corridor quiet and efficient, the only cool and calm appearing thing on that hot, white afternoon. She watched her and envied her; her capacity for work, her patience and her self control. She knew that underneath, her sister-in-law was quite as tense and anxious as she herself, that she shared Ruth's anxiety though no one could have guessed it.

It was over a month now since they had seen Bob. He and the rest of the staff from the mission hospital had gone down into the valley when the pestilence had broken out. He had been there ever since and the pestilence still raged through the city in the valley and through all the villages scattered through the jungle. The wailing of the mourners came up to them from below, a cry of human anguish now loud, now hushed, like the pulsing of the heart of humanity. Ruth wanted to cover her ears and run, but there was no place to run to and nothing could shut out the crying.

So far the mission on the hill had been untouched by the disease ravaging the rest of the country. To keep it so, the door was locked and no one was allowed to come in from the outside. It was a tiny island of safety in that great sea of agony.

Caroline had been left in charge. She had wanted to go with the others but one must stay and look after the people at the mission. Ruth had stayed with her. Bob insisted that she must on account of the baby. When she thought about the baby she knew he was right.

Only sometimes she didn't think about the baby. She thought of Bob, facing a dangerous enemy, the more dangerous and deadly because no one seemed to know the nature of the thing he was fighting.

Each day, the letters for the mission were left in a box at the foot of the hill. So far, there had always been a letter from Bob. And yet each day Ruth had stood, her mouth dry with fear, her heart constricted in an icy band while the mail was being distributed, saying over and over to herself, "Please God let there be a letter from him today, please let me know that he is still alive." So far, her prayer had always been answered.

Right now she was holding one of these letters in her hand: "Maybe we could do something if we only knew more about the thing we're up against, but whichever way we turn, we are baulked by the ignorance of the natives. If only we could perform a few autopsies we might learn something, and yet the body of the most despised beggar, or the most degenerate criminal becomes sacred in death. We dare not touch them. At last I have been able to get some material though I have had to use the tactics of a nineteenth century grave robber, and my pathological laboratory is as carefully concealed as a gangster's hideout. You must burn this letter. Not that I don't trust the people at the mission, but someone else might read it, and the fewer people who know our secret the safer it is."

There was a small charcoal brazier in the diet kitchen where Ruth stood and she thrust the letter into it and watched the paper burst into flames and then curl up, a wisp of grey ash. It was one more risk Bob was taking, one more thing for her to worry about.

Now she must go back to work. The nursery was her responsibility. Caroline with the help of the native nurses looked after the women and the older children. The men had all gone to help in the village. She stepped into the younger children's dormitory. It was

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deserted except for one tiny baby in a basinette over in the corner. The others had gone down into the dining room for supper. She stood for a minute looking at the little round dark head against the white pillow.

Three month ago the baby had been brought to the mission, a tiny creature with shriveled face and hands like claws. One of the millions born in this fertile country and destined to die almost as quickly as it had learned to draw the breath of life. Only Bob hadn't looked at it that way. He had set out to save this frail wisp of a human being and he had done so. It had meant hard work, constant watchfulness and a fight against the ignorance of the baby's mother and the fanaticism of his grand-father who was one of the high priests of the village. Bob had won, and here was the baby, plump and healthy with a skin free from sores, as sweet and sturdy as their own baby.

A movement at the other end of the nursery made her turn. The baby's mother was standing there, a young thing, scarcely more than a child herself. She looked strangely out of place in the hygienic atmosphere of the nursery with her scarlet dress, her black sash and her golden necklace and earrings. She was trembling, so frightened she could scarcely speak. Bit by bit the story came out. The priests in the temple had found out what the white doctors were doing with the bodies of some of the pestilence victims, they knew about the hidden laboratory. Tonight the white doctors would be punished. The girl was sobbing on the floor. No she couldn't tell how she knew but she did. With one breath she implored Ruth to believe her, with the next she begged her never to tell who had betrayed the plot against the doctors. The story fitted in so perfectly with what Bob had written in his letter that Ruth knew the girl spoke the truth.

The sun was setting and there was no time to lose. Ruth hurried down to the office. Fortunately Caroline was alone. Someone must carry the warning to Bob at once. Of course they couldn't send any of the native servants or the students. And that left Caroline or Ruth. Caroline would have preferred to go, but the mission was her responsibility. Everyone depended on her. Ruth was not indispensible to the crowd of women and children who had come to depend on the white women for protection. But if she left the mission she could not return until the pestilence had finished its course of destruction. She and Bob might be swept away with it and then what would happen to the baby?

Ruth got to her feet. I'll have to hurry if I am to get there. In the tropics there is no twilight. The office was quite dark now. Caroline's face and white uniform looked ghostly in the dusk.

"You know what it means if you leave here", she said. "Much as I'd like to, I can't let you come back. You have to think about the baby".

"You'll look after her. If—" Ruth's voice trailed away.

"You know I will."

Together they walked down the corridor to the children's dining room. The baby was sitting in her high chair She was a sweet rosy thing with fair curls and blue eyes. She lifted her arms to her mother, begging to be taken. For a moment Ruth held her close, feeling the warmth and softness of her little body, brushing her cheek against the silken curls. Then she put her into Caroline's arms. She carried with her the memory of a dimpled hand resting on Caroline's neck, and a pair of puzzled blue eyes looking over her shoulder.

Ruth hurried up to her room, put on a black dress and covered her head and face with a black veil. Night brought no relief from the heat, and it grew even hotter as she descended into the valley. The little city was deserted. The only sound was the wailing of the mourners—now rising to a shriek—now sinking to a moan. She hurried through the empty streets until she came to the hospital where Bob and the other

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The building was in darkness. She walked through the long corridors aware of the silent figures on the long row of cots though she could not see them. She passed the native nurses and the orderlies as silently as a shadow, on through the back door, across the courtyard and to the stables. In the darkness, she could hear the movement of cattle, the stamping of a horse, there was the smell of hay and manure. She groped her way along the wall until she saw a thin thread of light coming from a crack in the floor at the far corner. Silently she crept along; she felt for the latch, the door opened noiselessly and she slipped in. The end where she stood was in darkness. At the other end, an acetylene lantern brightly illuminated the group bending over a figure on the table. Bob stood facing her, his hair rumpled, his face serious and intent. She had seen him that way many times bending over his books or working in the laboratory.

The room was in absolute silence, as if a spell had been laid upon them all. Ruth felt the strange influence of the place, she tried to speak, but she couldn't move her lips and no sound came from her throat. She tried to step forward, to raise her arm, anything to attract Bob's attention but it was as if she were tied.

Suddenly she saw a long black arm reach out of the darkness behind her husband's back, then there was a hand and in the hand a long gleaming knife.

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With a mighty effort she threw off her inertia and dashed forward, shrieking.

Her scream tore through the heavy silence. Light seemed to flood the darkest corner, everyone started talking, and then someone grabbed her shoulder. She fought savagely, but she couldn't get free—then she was falling, falling—

* * *

"Mrs. Eliason! Wake up. You're having a nightmare!"

It was the voice of the night nurse on the maternity ward at St. Margarets. Ruth opened her eyes. She was back in the familiar hospital room.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Was I screaming?

"Were you screaming?" said the nurse. "It's a wonder the whole hospital isn't here."

"I'm sorry," Ruth repeated stupidly. It was hard to shake off the terror of that moment in the underground laboratory. Maybe she was in Burma after all. There was that wailing—now rising—now falling.

"That noise" she whispered.

"It's the woman in the next room. She isn't really in much pain; the drug makes her cry like that. She doesn't know what she's doing."

Ruth nodded. After all she was a nurse too.

"Would you mind opening the window," she said, "It's hot."

"Yes it is, they forgot to turn off the heat. No wonder you had a nightmare." She opened the window and Ruth felt the cool air blow into the room. The nurse placed a screen in front of the window. "You'll be all right now," she said.

"Yes thank you. What time is it?"

"Two-twenty. If you have any trouble getting to sleep just turn on your light."

The room was cooler now and she was quite comfortable but she couldn't go to sleep. She couldn't shake off the fear engendered by the dream. She was obsessed by her anxiety for Bob, so much so that she almost rang for

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the nurse to ask her to phone County to see if he was all right. Of course it was ridiculous. Bob was probably sound asleep in his room over at the interne's quarters. She hoped he was. Between the night the baby was born and the nights he had been on call he was pretty short of sleep this week. Down the hall the rhythmic crying continued. The sky was beginning to turn pink outside her window before she finally fell asleep again.

It was evening before she saw Bob. The days routine had pushed the dream back where it belonged—a nightmare produced by Caroline's stories of Burma, her overheated room and the noisy patient down the hall. And yet it all came back when she saw Bob. He looked pale and tired, but he laughed at her when she asked if anything was wrong. Then she told him her dream.

When she came to the end, Bob was looking at her intently, listening to every word. "And you say it was twenty past two when the nurse came in."

"Yes why?"

"Well. I wasn't going to tell you. But now I think I will." He rolled back his sleeve and showed her his arm. It was bandaged. "Just a flesh wound" he said. "I was lucky to get off this easily. Listen to this."

He had finished his rounds at the County Hospital at one o'clock, he told her and lain down for a rest on his bed at the quarters. He had just fallen asleep when they phoned from the men's medical to say that Mr. Watson was dying.

There was nothing Bob could do. Mr. Watson was a very old man and during the past weeks he had suffered greatly. Still Bob had the qualities which were

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destined to make him a good and well beloved doctor. During the past weeks he had seen this patient face loneliness and extreme pain with courage. And it was only right that he should have the one he had come to depend on, and to regard as a friend, with him during these last moments.

The ward was quiet at that hour. The bed was in the far corner and screened from the rest of the patients. The nurse on duty was standing at the foot of the bed. When it was all over, Bob stood for a moment thinking how tired the old man looked and yet hw glad to be at rest, when suddenly he heard a scream.

He turned to see a long knife pointed at his throat, a butcher knife with a gleaming edge, held in a muscular black hand. He jumped aside, knocking over the screen and grabbed his assailant's wrist. For a moment they fought for the knife and Bob's arm was slashed from wrist to elbow. By this time the nurse had hold of the menacing arm and then the orderly and two other nurses came on the run and between them, they got the mad man disarmed. For he was insane. The mild mannered negro stevedore who had been a model patient, ever since he was brought in two weeks before, had suddenly gone completely out of his mind.

When he was safely on his way to psychopathic, Bob went down to the casualty ward to have his arm bandaged.

"I guess I owe a lot to you Miss Corrigan," he said to the nurse. "If you hadn't screamed, I wouldn't have gotten off this easy."

Miss Corrigan looked at him as if he

too were going out of his mind. "I didn't scream" she said "I didn't see what was happening until you jumped and knocked over the screen."

"Well I distinctly heard a woman scream, that's what made me look around."

Miss Corrigan's only answere was to tell him to lie down. He had evidently suffered a much more severe shock than she realized. She was the only woman in the ward at the time and she certainly hadn't screamed. That was final. He'd better take a sedative and try to get some sleep. One of the other internes could take his place for the remainder of the night. In the morning he would probably be all right.

Bob stood up. He did feel a little weak and shaky and he could do with a night's sleep. He looked at the clock on the wall of the casualty room.

It was two-twenty!

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